

SHOCK
AFTER
SHOCK...

January/February 1990

Issue #3

SÍD BROS.





My Sin

by D. Rex Tor

The flashbulbs, the Sally Jesse Raphael Show, the candid interviews over hot fudge cake at Bob's Big Boy. It's all happening! Such is the frenzied life of this publisher/editor, and now, club operator. Your letters and phone calls in response to issue #2 have been so wonderful, I'm getting a little misty just thinking about them.

Our first bit of nationwide exposure happened just as we were going to press. A special *gracias* to Adam Block of *The Advocate* for his stunning write up of Sin Bros. in the January 30 issue. He called SB "brilliantly witty." He's right.

We received so many fine entries in our **Sinful Submissions** contest, but due to human error, our zip code was incorrect in the first pressing of last issue and many of your fine confessions were lost by Mr. Postman. The blundering, responsible party, our copy boy/proofreader/toy has been let go because of this tragedy. I hear he accepted a job at *Moxie*. Let's wish him luck. In all fairness to those of you who submitted your tales lost by Mr. Postman, we are extending the deadline to February 28. In case you are a new reader to SB, the rules were thus: we are looking for the most scandalous **Sinful Submission**. Share your tales of backseat action or whatever tawdry event in your life you think the readers of this rag would get off on. Please limit your submission to 300 words or less. Due to the potentially scandalous nature of this contest, we suggest using a pseudonym. Send all entries to our P.O. Box listed below. The three most scandalous entries will receive special prizes chosen especially for you and your kind.

Most of you recognized our featured Naked Movie Star last issue. Yes, indeed, it was Mr. Melanie Griffith himself. Can you identify the savory silver screen stud in this issue?

That most important of homo holidays, St. Valentine's Day is fast approaching. Remember in grade school when everyone had to give you a valentine? Girls and boys. Why can't we bring this ritual back? Where are those boys today? Anyway, this is our unofficial Valentine's issue - brimming with tales of love lost, found or simply imagined. We have not one, but two tender poems in our regular feature Haiku-Koo. Share them with a loved one: your mother, your lover, your right hand. Another regular feature, **My Life as a Celebutante**, Enrique Marie Presley's renowned tome, really a "Bonfire of the Vanities" for our set, is back with installment #3 - Big Trouble in Boystown. Don't miss it!

It is with a heavy Valentine's heart that I must tell you this is the last free issue of SB. Issue #4 will cost \$1.00. It really isn't much to pay when you consider the valuable info contained in these lurid pages. It will be available at the usual locations or you can subscribe by sending \$1.00 per issue, cash only please, to our P.O. Box. The next issue will be available in mid-March.

The most exciting news I've saved until last - finally a club for our kind is now open. It's called **Sit and Spin** and it's fabulous. See our ad on page 26. See you there!

SIN BROS. c/o W.K., P.O. Box 618, N. Hollywood, CA 91603, (213)663-4215

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RETAIL SLUT.

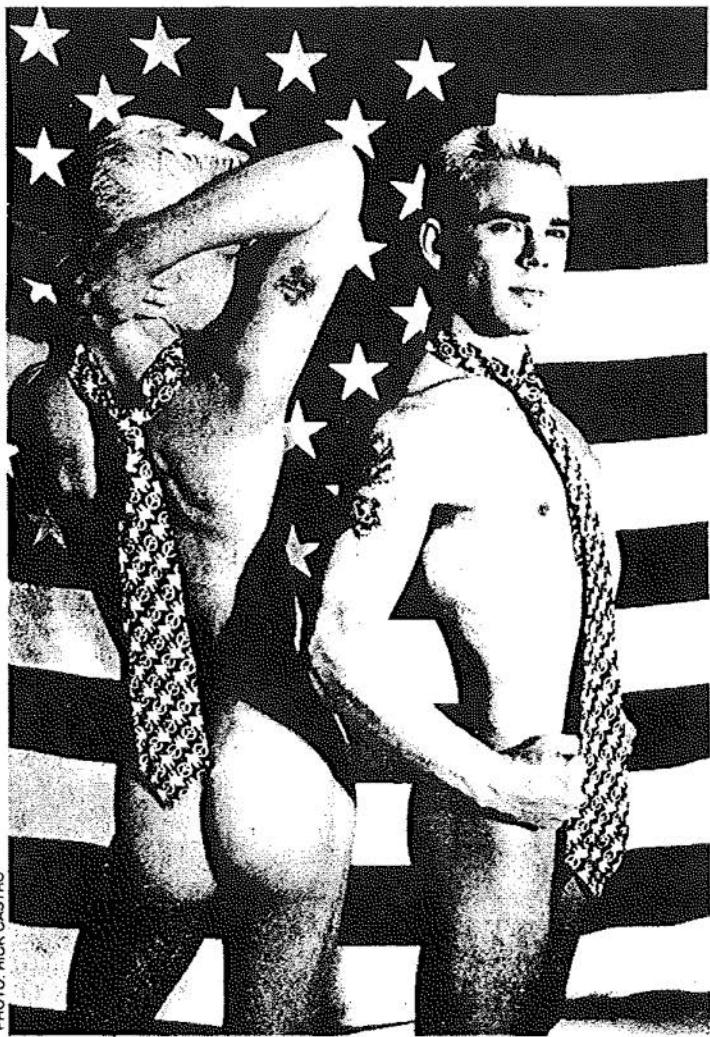


PHOTO: RICK CASTRO

NOTHING BUT.

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love

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



End of Decade

Dear Honeys:

Saw issue #2 of your rag. Its haute. Le haute jism. All this coming out of North Hollywood? WOW!

I've been putting out my zine *Fertile La Toyah Jackson*, for 3 years now, and have stumbled across a rash of gay-punkque-ish pubs coming out on the scene, ie. Homocore from San Francisco, JD from Toronto, Holy Tit Clamps from Minneapolis, My Comrade/Sister out of New York. Is this a sociological phenom?

Just wanted to wish you continued success from the giant black queeny perspective.

Sincerely,

Vag

Ms. Vaginal Davis,
Editor-in-Chief

Missy Vag is a world-renowned blacktress/editrix. The latest issue of Her fab zine, *Fertile La Toyah Jackson* is available for \$3.00. Send cash to: Fertile La Toyah Mag, 7850 Sunset Blvd. Ste. 110, LA, CA 90046.

*Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year*

Roses are red
Violets are blue
You won't publish
this in your Queen
rag
So go fuck you

Louie
Angelyne
P.S. Jesus doesn't care you

Is this the Angelyne?! Doubtful.

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STAFF —
EVEN THOUGH WE WERE
RAKED OVER THE COALS'
IN YOUR SINFUL PUBLICATION
WE MUST COMMEND YOU
ON A JOB WELL DONE.
A GREAT READ...KEEP IT UP!
THOSE HOLLYWOOD KIDS

P.S. You girls do get
around! FROM HERMES,
TO THE MEAT RACK!

NAKED Movie Star-Oh!-Rama

by loco chanel

Have you ever wondered what Johnny Depp's bare ass looks like? What about Tom Cruise's winky? Well, wonder no more! With the following list, a VCR with special effects (i.e., slow motion and still frame) and a video rental membership, you and all your voyeuristic friends can be well on your way to discovering the secrets of **Movie Star Flesh!** While far from complete (did you really care about Jack Lemmon's bun shot in *Avanti!*?) these lists provide a good sampling of the sultry celebrity skin awaiting you and your remote control. Some of the nude scenes in these films are quite long and detailed, while others are sinfully short. Have a little patience and you will be rewarded. So sit back with a cool beverage in one hand and your er...umh.... remote control in the other.

Rear Views

Sean Penn: *Bad Boys, Racing With the Moon*

Roland Gift: *Sammy & Rosie Get Laid*

Clint Eastwood: *Escape from Alcatraz*

Treat Williams: *Hair*

Jimmy McNichol: *Night Warning*

Corbin Bernsen: *Major League*

Emilio Estevez: *Young Guns*

Jeff Daniels: *Something Wild*

Rob Lowe: *About Last Night, Masquerade, Young Blood*

Sting: *Julia and Julia, Brimstone and Treacle*

Steve Guttenberg: *The Man Who Wasn't There, Bedroom Window*

Mel Gibson: *Gallipoli, Lethal Weapon*

Patrick Dempsey: *Meatballs III*

Robert Downey, Jr.: *Less Than Zero, Rented Lips*

Michael Pare: *Lady Beware*

Ed Begley, Jr.: *Amazon Women on the Moon, She-Devil*

Timothy Hutton: *Made in Heaven*

Patrick Swayze: *Roadhouse*

Michael Douglas: *Fatal Attraction*

Alec Baldwin: *Working Girl, She's Having a Baby*

Pierce Brosnan: *The Deceivers*

Ryan O'Neal: *Partners, The Big Bounce, Oliver's Story*

Mandy Patinkin: *Yentl*

William Hurt: *Altered States*

Steven Bauer: *Thief of Hearts*

Robby Benson: *Running Brave*

Brad Davis: *Midnight Express*

Arnold Schwarzenegger: *The Terminator*

Tim Matheson: *Impulse, Animal House*

Johnny Depp: *Private Resort*

Timothy Bottoms: *Johnny Got His Gun, The High Country*

Jeff Bridges: *Winter Kills, Starman*

Matt Latanzi: *Rich and Famous*

Robert DeNiro: *1900, The Deer Hunter*

Kevin Costner: *American Flyers*

Kurt Russell: *Used Cars*

Mick Jagger: *Performance*

Kevin Kline: *Violets are Blue*

Brian Kerwin: *Murphy's Romance*



Cary Elwes: *Lady Jane*
Eric Roberts: *Star 80*
Dennis Quaid: *Innerspace, Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia*



Frontal

Christian Slater: *The Name of the Rose*
Julian Sands: *A Room With a View*
Kyle MacLachlan: *Blue Velvet*
Jeff Bridges: *Rancho Deluxe*
Tom Cruise: *All the Right Moves*
Willie Ames: *Paradise*
Peter Gallagher: *Summer Lovers*
Christopher Atkins: *A Night in Heaven, The Blue Lagoon*
Peter Firth: *Equus, Joseph Andrews*
Rutger Hauer: *Turkish Delight*
David Naughton: *An American Werewolf in London*
Aidan Quinn: *Reckless*
Nick Nolte: *Who'll Stop the Rain, Weeds*
Jameson Parker: *The Bell Jar*
Don Johnson: *The Harrad Experiment*
Gerard Depardieu: *1900, The Last Woman*
Perry King: *Mandingo*
William Peterson: *To Live and Die in L.A.*
Edward James Olmos: *Wolfen*
James Woods: *The Onion Field*
Craig Wasson: *Ghost Story*
Daniel Day Lewis: *Stars and Bars*
Tom Berenger: *In Praise of Older Women*



DIVORCE COURT

CONFIDENTIAL

You asked for it, TV fans, and here it is: an update on that show of shows, DIVORCE COURT. Our inside source swears (s)he's putting (s)his job on the line to keep you Bros. informed! In L.A., tune in to Channel 13 at 4:00 pm weekdays, or set your VCR. Here's what's in store for you sleaze-O-philes in the next few weeks.

January 24 Bonavari vs. Bonavari

A tension-filled study of extortion and sin in the Mafia.

January 25 Pickering vs. Pickering

Are that ex-nun and her priest brother running a half-way home for teens — or a one-stop thrill shop for dirty old men???

January 26 Slovak vs. Slovak

Wife claims hubby is part of a coven that wants to give their baby to Satan. Dig that doll of a kid in the climactic voodoo scene!

January 31 Cosmo vs. Cosmo

Hubby says he's been to outer space with aliens and produces the daughter of King Zwizztuck of Venus as proof.

February 12 Colwell vs. Colwell

Experience the terrifying reality of a marriage arranged by a cult of religious kooks.

February 13 Lester vs. Lester

The Munsters comes to daytime TV as a young beauty marries into a morticians clan. Features Fred Willard in a bravura dual role!

February 19 Zimmer vs. Zimmer

Did that one-time rock groupie have a reunion beneath the sheets with a studly rock star? Only Fee Waybill's plaster caster knows for sure.

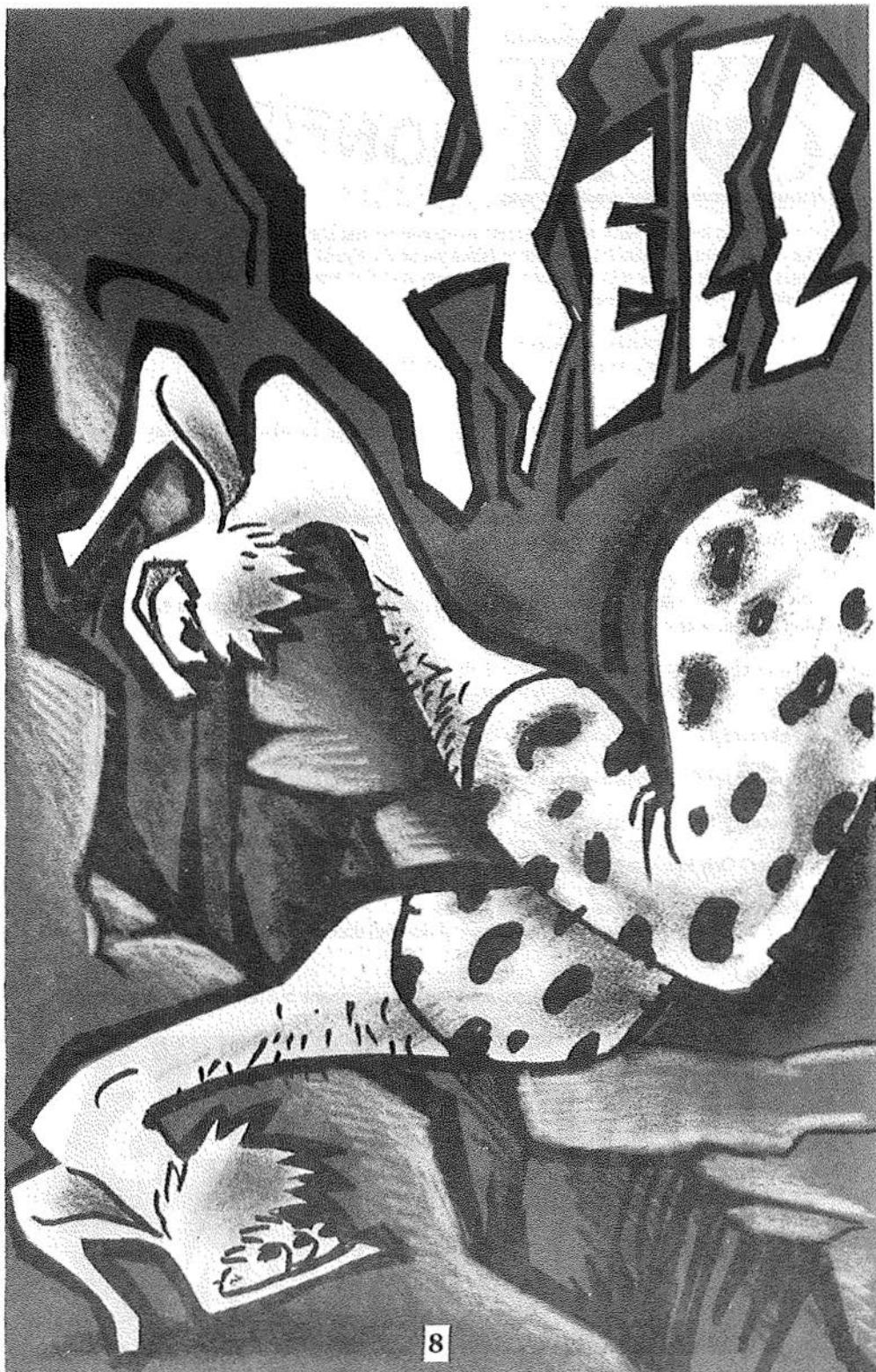
February 28 Mairena vs. Mairena

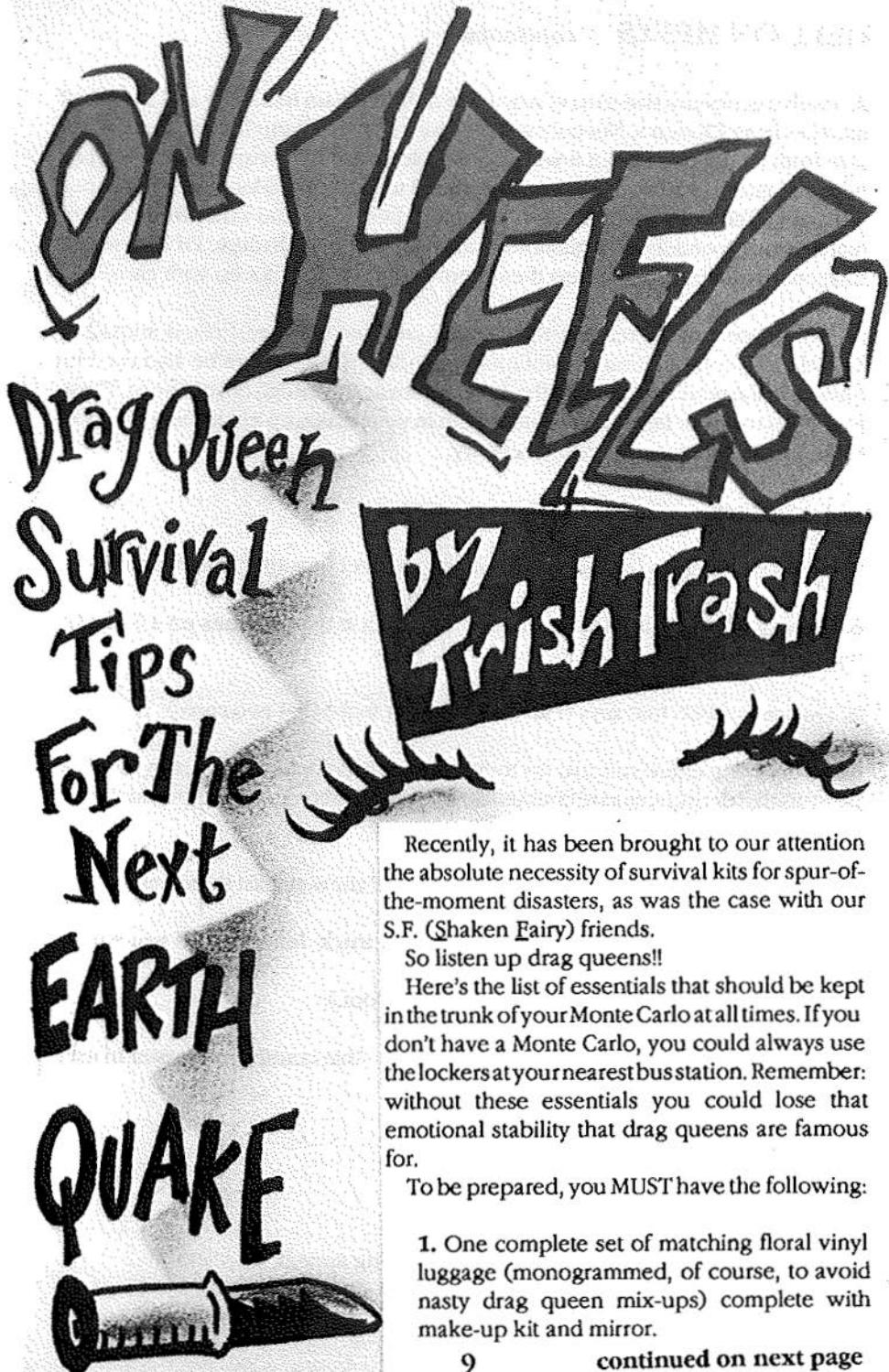
Fevers run high when a pair of Spanish dancers learn the Divorce Court tango.

March 1 Goodspeed vs. Goodspeed

Genius sells his precious fluid to spermbank but refuses to impregnate dim vavoom of a wife.

DADDY WAS
A WOMAN





Recently, it has been brought to our attention the absolute necessity of survival kits for spur-of-the-moment disasters, as was the case with our S.F. (Shaken Fairy) friends.

So listen up drag queens!!

Here's the list of essentials that should be kept in the trunk of your Monte Carlo at all times. If you don't have a Monte Carlo, you could always use the lockers at your nearest bus station. Remember: without these essentials you could lose that emotional stability that drag queens are famous for.

To be prepared, you MUST have the following:

1. One complete set of matching floral vinyl luggage (monogrammed, of course, to avoid nasty drag queen mix-ups) complete with make-up kit and mirror.

HELL ON HEELS continued

2. Twelve economy size cans of Aqua Net or White Rain hairspray and a book of matches from Chasen's. Not only will the hairspray keep your big drag queen hair safe from falling debris, but it will also double as a lethal weapon when teamed with a lit match, and you may very well need to fend off kinky, horny husbands who can't find their wives in the rubble. And best of all, the ashes from a burnt match work wonders as a glamorous and alluring eye shadow. Of course, the Chasen's matchbook cover lets them know you're a drag queen with class!!
3. One Estee Lauder reddest red lipstick and one Yardley frosted snowflake lipstick. The combination possibilities are endless! The red can be also used for blush and the white to highlight the eyes and shade the bridge of your nose. These two items together take up very little room in your make-up kit, leaving plenty of room for your excess rhinestone jewelry.
4. A good base.
5. Liquid eyeliner and a syringe. (To make you feel beautiful from within.)
6. Rhinestone eyelashes that say "I do," just in case this happens on a Saturday night.
7. One can of FDS that says "I've done" (better make that two cans.)
8. Reserve one entire suitcase for toity tissue which you'll use to give you those giant tits that drag queens are famous for. This will also come in handy if you should have to make stinky in a bush.
9. Four jumbo packs of Dentyne - don't forget to chew at least three times a day!
10. Binaca in spray form, in case you pick up a truck driver (which you will.)
11. No-nonsense queen-size panty hose (runproof.)
12. Opera-length gloves, (fuck doing your nails - that could be a disaster in itself when on shakey ground.)
13. One glittery evening bag for night.
14. One black patent evening bag for day.
15. One feather headdress with office-to-evening appeal.

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HELL ON HEELS concluded



16. Twenty to twenty-five pair of sensible spike heels... no open-toe sandals!! Don't worry too much about being able to walk through the debris, remember those big, butch cops and firemen are there to assist you.

17. One large bottle of appetite suppressants (you already knew that.)

18. Anything else you'll need I guess you'll have to steal.

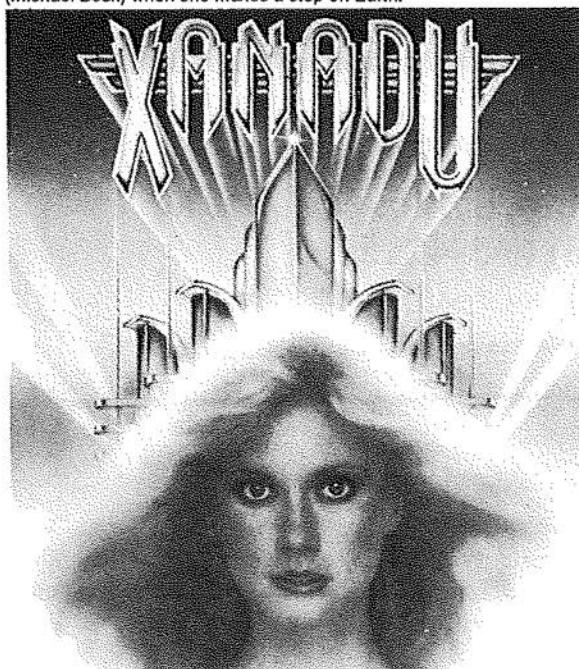
As far as exactly what outfits you'll be needing (skintight mini-skirts, peddle pushers, gowns, etc.) you'll just have to decide for yourself - I'm sure you've already assembled dozens of stunning ensembles. Keep in mind that TV cameras will be constantly rolling and you'll want to look dazzling at any cost.

This will be a time of need for others, so don't just think of yourself. Suppose some shaken and disillusioned hunky college boy on acid should mistake you for a nurse. Be prepared... carry a thermometer in case he should suddenly drop his pants for you to take his temperature. Be prepared!



Video Rental Roulette

Film critics around the world recently chose the Best Films of the 1980's: *Raging Bull*, *Blue Velvet* etc.. all very obvious. But for the finest film of the 80's look no further than the first year of the decade, 1980. That's when the roller disco masterpiece *Xanadu* premiered to an unsuspecting American public. Ten years have done nothing to diminish one of cinema's most breathtaking films. Riding high from her success in *Grease*, Olivia Newton-John stars as the Greek muse Terpsichore who brings a little, make that a lot, of pizazz into the life of a Big-Band clarinetist (Gene Kelly) and aimless commercial artist Sonny (Michael Beck) when she makes a stop on Earth.



The
Greatest
Film
of
the 80's

But as in all great films, plot is secondary to the dramatic and stylistic innovations that *Xanadu* will be noted for in decades to come. Designed as a showcase for the multitudinal talents of Ms. ONJ. We see her, actress/singer/icon, in full command of her talents. But *Xanadu* will mostly be remembered for its utterly convincing portrayal of heterosexual love, not to be seen again until 1983 when Livvy teamed up again with *Grease* co-star John Travolta in *Two of a Kind*. Livvy and Michael Beck provided enough sexual fireworks to light up the next Alan Carr Production.

Of course, what is a musical without show-stopping numbers? Who can forget Livvy and her muse sisters in the opening number "I'm Alive?" The beautacious muses spring to life from a Venice boardwalk mural - clad in peasant blouses, leg warmers and pastel hair ribbons - then they transform into big-budget laser effects and whiz off in all directions. Truly awe inspiring. Or when the bleachers intersect and the ages come together as the punky, funky Fiorucci-clad hipsters meet up with Big Band-era haptsters in the number titled simply, "Dancin'?" And the finale, see Livvy as a cowgirl, a leopard-spotted dominatrix and She, a bejeweled living, breathing Erte painting - she was everywoman (like Chaka Khan) for her lover Sonny. The lush score was provided by Jeff Lynne and Electric Light Orchestra (ELO).

The location of *Xanadu*, the historic Pan Pacific Arts Building, recently was gutted by fire, leaving only the facade. Perhaps a deranged ONJ fan couldn't stand the thought of not sharing *Xanadu* with Livvy. But we'll always have the cinema for reminiscing about fashions from Fiorucci, cameos by The Tubes, an animated sequence to rival that of anything in *Fantasia*, let alone *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, peasant blouses and the scenic boardwalks of Venice, CA.

Like the ads stated, "Xanadu: a romance, a musical, a place where dreams come true." And so they did.

I'M NOTHING....



....WITHOUT....

LIZARD



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Bright to Down Boystown

EPISODE
#3

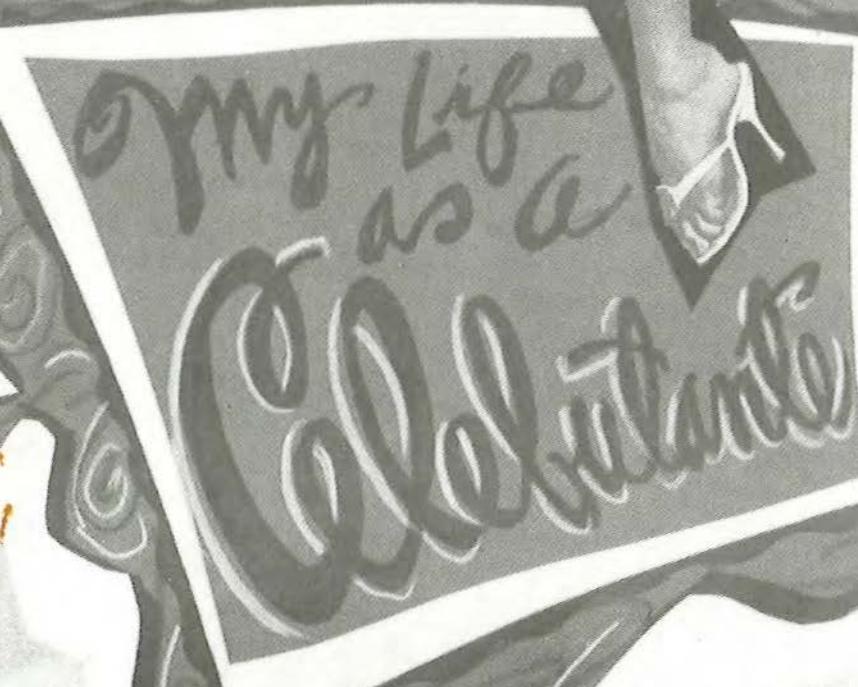
"Never let them see you sweat." -Donna Karan

That Friday was the start of the **Power 106 - New Kids on the Block/Expose Powerjam Weekend**. Jon, Donny, Jordan, Donnie, Joe, Gioia, Jeanette, Ann. It was a sign of the hell that would soon follow. The hell that is...

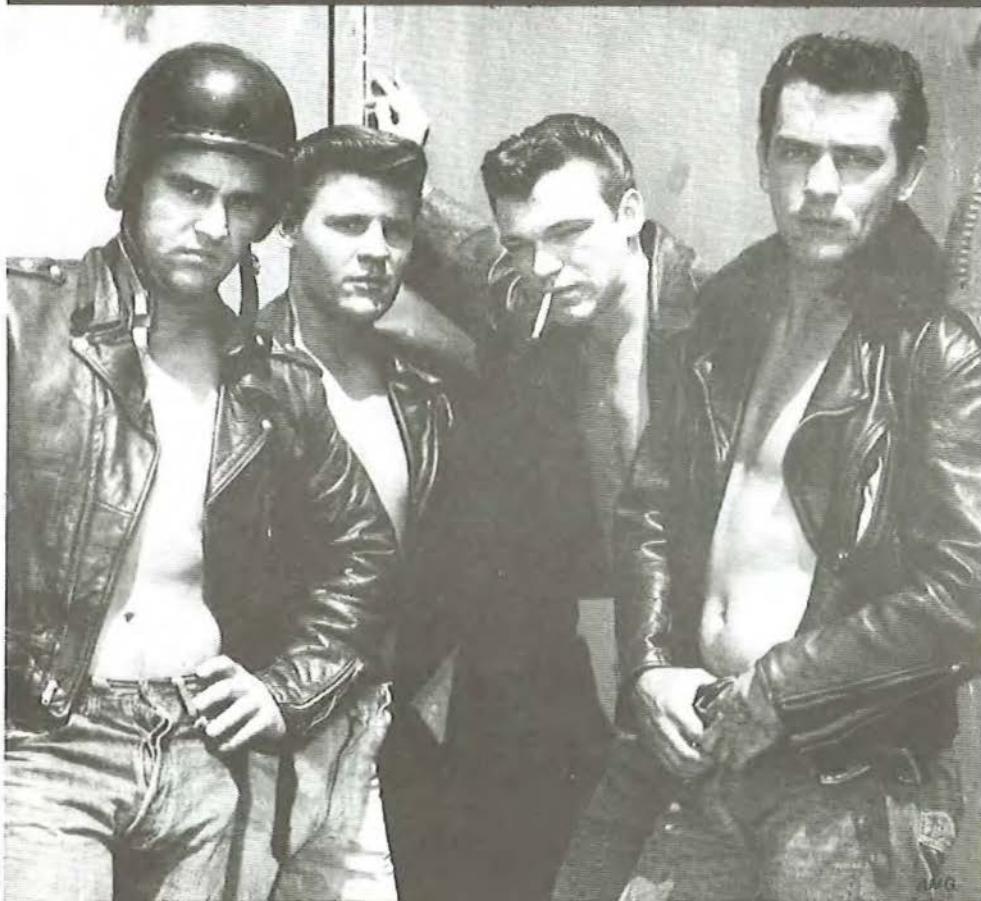
MY LIFE AS A CELEBUTANTE!!

Breakfast consisted of the requisite Celebutante energy shake (**Slimfast** diluted in **Stoli Cristall**) and leftover **foie gras** on a **Wheat Thin**. Mentally preparing myself for the important decisions of the day (**Bikkemberg's or Yohji, exfoliate or wax, shopping on credit or safe sex**), I was roused by three swift, hard knocks on the door. I closed my **Valentino** robe and cracked the door open.

Dubbe
Enrique
Marie
Presley
P'lin



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VIDEOACTIVE

Haiku-koo*

Axl Greased

by i.i. cumming

You finally achieved your MTV fame,
but I remember when you'd squeal my name.
I first saw your zit-filled face
in quite a different place.
Fake I.D., The Rage, 1983,
"Would you like to come home with me?"
Bad hairdo from '75, fine-boned and petite,
you really did like my big, black meat.
How you play to the fears of this Reaganite nation,
when Blueboy and Mandate turn your thoughts to masturbation.
Thirteen-year-old girls may believe your rock-star poses,
But you'll always prefer my gun to their roses.

BOWL ME OVER

by: Lane Kruezen

Twin melon halves, ripe
In tight pants.
"Ed's Auto" on your back.
A whiff of Mennen's.
One two three four -- release!
My pins go flying.
I'm face down in the gutter,
Alley-bound.
How can I hope to compete
With
Your swift approach,
Your brute technique,
Those balls with all that spin?
Strike
And strike again --
Don't spare me!
Bowl me over.

*bad homo poetry filled with lack-of-sex-induced yearning.



"Yes?"

"Enrique Marie Presley?"

He whipped a billfold out of his breast pocket and flashed a badge. There was a gust of **Stetson** cologne.

Detective Dean Upshaw, West Hollywood Homicide. May I have a word with you?"

Homicide? "Yes, officer, of course."

I opened the door, and there he was. Six feet, two inches of L.A.'s finest. Thick, broad shoulders and a solid, gym-pumped chest straining against a baby blue poly/cotton **Van Heusen**. Rock-hard thighs sandwiched a *basket of biscuits* big enough to choke on. All of this tightly packed into a cheap **C & R Clothiers** suit.

"How can I help you?"

Evil thoughts of sweat mixing together with (**nonxynol-9**) lubricant and body hair filled my head. Suddenly, I needed a glass of **Evian**. I took a chance and let the **Valentino** fall open. He stole a quick look at *the kielbasa hanging between my legs*, and just as quickly looked away.

"Excuse me."

I closed my robe and met his eyes. It was then that I noticed his striking resemblance to an *unshaven Alec Baldwin*. There was a breathless moment and again he looked away. Regaining his composure, he grabbed the **L.A. Times** tucked under his arm and threw it on the **Artemide** coffee table.

"What can you tell me about this?"

You finally land Mr. Right, but soon things turn: the conversations don't have that sparkle, your friends hate him, you discover he worships Cleo Lane, even the sex is bad.

Are you better off being single?

A SIN BROS. QUIZ

When I finally broke down and told my last lover "I love you" he:

- a) wept and softly said, "I love you too."
- b) wept and softly said, "Get out."
- c) hit me till I softly wept.
- d) gave me back my toothbrush after dipping it into the toilet.

When my friends who have lovers complain about the trials of being involved I:

- a) can sympathize and give constructive advice.
- b) say I have a long distance call on the other line and I'll get back to them.
- c) laugh out loud. It cracks my ass when other people's love lives bite the dust.
- d) scream and rant about how I've heard this story 90 times, tell them to call a 976-CRY line and I hang up in their sorry faces.

I tend to get very emotional after a break-up. Recently I cried while watching:

- a) *Bambi*.
- b) *Now Voyager*.
- c) *Terms of Endearment*.
- d) *The Young and the Hung, Part II*.

After my last bad date all I wanted to do was:

- a) spend the night alone reflecting on why I bring negativity into my life.
- b) call my best friend and talk about it.
- c) get stoned and go to the nearest bar where I could hear a tambourine playing in time to a "Bad Girls" re-mix.
- d) hunt down the prick who made me waste hours in front of the mirror and my Saturday night.

When I'm in a relationship, I desire sex:

- a) every day.
- b) twice a week.
- c) when my complexion dictates.
- d) when "Designing Women" is a repeat.

continued on next page

When I look back at most of the men I've dated I:

- a) know that they were all a learning experience and Mr. Right is around the corner.
- b) I'm frustrated because time after time I find the same bad seeds.
- c) am surprised how many of them have turned up on "America's Most Wanted."
- d) am grateful that orgasm is best when I'm alone.

The last time I went out to the bars alone I felt:

- a) sad and longed for someone to call my own.
- b) sad and longed for someone to call me period.
- c) glad. It's always fun to tongue a few strangers and then go home and bop it to "Stryker Force."
- d) broke. I spent so much time and money out I felt like I had paid them first and last month's rent.

When I am single I spend the majority of my time:

- a) improving myself by reading, eating right, exercising and seeing good theatre productions.
- b) sitting around not doing much of anything.
- c) stewing like a crockpot ready to blow about how men and the world have done me wrong.
- d) bounce from park to bath to back seat with every Joe who has the time of day.

My relationships with my ex-lovers are generally:

- a) very good. I'm friends with most of them.
- b) polite, yet distant.
- c) strained and hostile. What did I ever see in these jerk-offs?
- d) a voodoo doll spell-fest. Everytime I hear of a plane crash I close my eyes and hope.

How to score: a = 1, b = 2, c = 3, d = 4.

If your score is 9-15: For you, everyday is the 14th of February. Although slightly insecure when left alone for more than 10 minutes, you'll try, try, try to make your man stay, stay, stay.

If your score is 16-28: It's up to you. You are equally comfortable with or without Mr. Right on your arm. It's a flip of the love-coin whether you'll remain single or pair up.

If your score is 29-36: Single is your middle name - learn it, love it, because you certainly live it. Probably the only thing that will warm your sheets is an electric blanket.

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Says Nothing to Me About My Life

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Paula Abdul

Jay McInerney

Harry Connick, Jr.

the "war on drugs"

Super Bowl Sunday

Judy Garland

car phones

Kevin Costner

The Rage

Look Who's Talking

suntan salons

Nautilus

Java

Woody Allen

Dead Poets Society

Orange County

Touchstone Pictures

Oliver Stone

Bette Midler

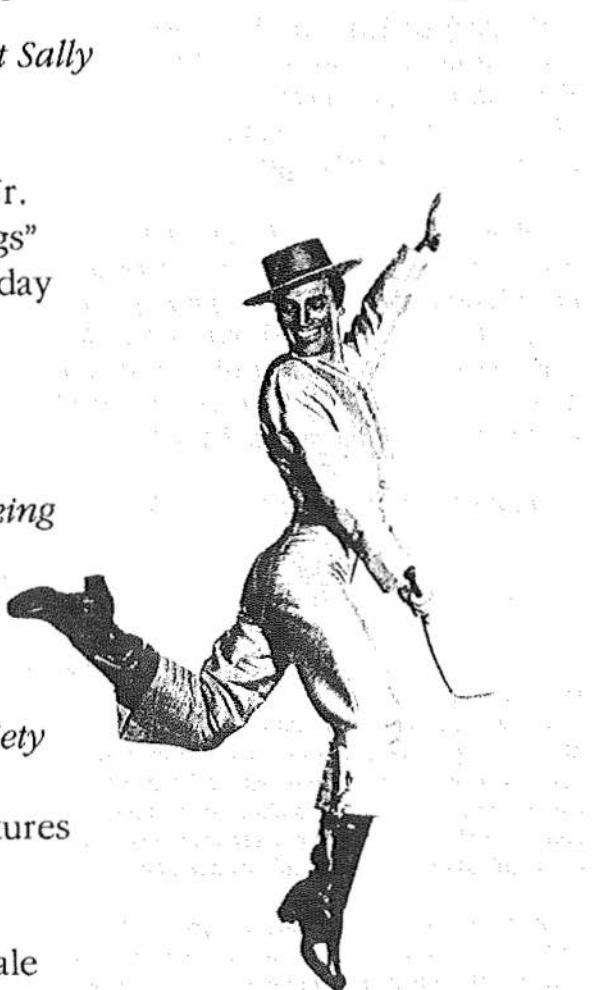
International Male

bolo ties

Milli Vanilli

karaoke

the Beverly Center



MY LIFE AS A CELEBUTANTE

continued from page 18

I looked at the headline and read on.

FAYE DUNAWAY FOUND DEAD IN THE STREETS OF WEST HOLLYWOOD

The body of Academy Award-winning actress Faye Dunaway was found late last night inside a car abandoned in an alley off of Santa Monica Boulevard. In a preliminary statement released by the Hollywood Sheriff's office, the cause of death was determined to be "internal bleeding caused by multiple .38 caliber gunshot wounds, and asphyxiation."

Although no further details have been released through official channels, a source close to the situation has revealed that the automobile was a late model sports car and that Dunaway had choked on a scarf that had been forced down her throat. When pressed for further details, the source would only speculate that the time of death had probably been several days earlier, and that an extensive investigation would soon follow. An official press conference is scheduled to be held today at 3:00 pm.

Dunaway was the star of 30 feature and television films. In 1976, she received an Academy Award for her portrayal of a ruthless television network executive in the film NETWORK. She had also received critical acclaim for her work in BARFLY, BONNIE AND CLYDE and BEVERLY HILLS MADAM...

I felt his eyes boring into me and I knew he was waiting for a response. What would I say? I never liked the barracuda—*she who was called Faye!* Okay, she was good in SUPERGIRL and MOMMIE DEAREST, but as a person she sucked. She made my life hell at Hermes, always complaining to the manager about *"that dreadful shopgirl Enrique Marie."* And that scene she caused at Rubber last week! Not only did she call me "shopgirl" in front of all my celebutante peers, but she orchestrated a minor riot to harass me while she took off with my date, *whatshisname*. Hateful. Truly a hateful woman. Why, if it weren't for that yummy busboy at the pik me up, the night might have been a complete bust.

What would I say to my West Hollywood Homicide dick? He was hotter than hot; he was white hot. And I wanted him. He made my toes curl. Since my policy on *date potentials* is to always make a good first impression, I decided to sugarcoat the truth... and offer him some *hors d'oeuvres*.

"Miss Dunaway was a customer at **Hermes** boutique, where I work. I didn't know her very well, but was very fond of her. She had such style. Oh. (*I forced a sob.*) I'm sorry, this is very difficult... **Foie gras?**

He knocked the pate out of my hand, slapped my face and pinned me down on the Donghia sofa. His face was red, his breathing was short and heavy. He exhaled **Lavori**.

"Don't lie to me, trash! You were at **Rubber** last Saturday night — the night of the murder. So was **Faye Dunaway**. You two had a confrontation. I have witnesses: **Mickey Rourke**, **Christlina Applegate**, **Jackie Collins** as well as a group of assorted Hollywood trash yelling "shopgirl" at you. Shall I go on? The word on the street is that you and **Faye Dunaway** were never friends. This was no big secret. *Everyone* knows you hated her. She embarrassed you whenever she could. She got you into trouble at work. She made herself an all around pain in the ass. And she probably enjoyed it, too."

He tightened his hold on me, moved his face within an inch of mine, and whispered the final blow: "She *stole* your boyfriend."

He struck a raw nerve; and I saw no point in continuing the charade!

"Yes! Yes, it's true! I *hated* the bitch! It's true. It's *all true*!"

I broke down. I was broken by the heavy-handed tactics of a stud-puppet public servant! It was then that I realized that I was the prime suspect in the murder of **Faye Dunaway**. After all, I had just cause: *She was ruining my scene!* I would have to go to jail. Jaill A barren, ugly place void of haute couture, **high profile Industry** clients, paparazzi, tanning booths, **brasserie cooking** and **quality cosmetics!** I would miss my thrice-a-week workouts at **Sports Connection!** I would miss the *gala opening* of **Sit and Spin** on **January 25th** (located in **glamorous Silverlake** — **3626 Sunset Blvd!**) This couldn't be happening to me. I thought to myself, *I am a Celebutante, and I want to live!*

"But I didn't kill her. I-I didn't. I'll tell you everything that happened that night... and anything else you want to know! Oh god. I didn't do it. Please let me up. I'll tell you everything."

He loosened his grip and walked over to the **le corbusier** chair. His anger seemed to subside. I tried to calm myself. I needed another **Cristall**. So much for making a good first impression. I must have looked like hell. Where was my compact?

"Sorry, I was so rough on you, but there were some weird coincidences that seemed to point you out as a possible suspect. **Faye Dunaway** was gagged with an **Hermes** scarf. Her body was found in a **Ferrari Testarossa**, similar to the one you were seen driving that night. As for the gunshot wounds, well... that was the hole in my theory. With the bad blood between you two, it seemed like it could have been a grudge murder. Kind of cliched, huh? Oh well. If you could answer a few questions, I might be able to come up with some other leads."

Compact. Compact.

"Shit! Where the hell is my compact!"

My bag! Of course! I reached over and grabbed the **Il Bisonte** clutch on the table. Just then, my lounging pump slipped in the spilled platter of **foie gras**. The **Bisonte** flew out of my hands and into the detective's lap. It had flung open and a 14K gold **Bijan** revolver fell out. He picked it up and slowly looked over at me on the floor as I was wiping *pate* off my **Nautilus**-toned leg. He said two words.

".38 caliber."

concluded on next page

"It isn't mine. I've never seen that be—"

The phone rang. I reached for it, but he slapped it out of my hand. He picked up the receiver and began to see red once again. He spoke curtly to the person on the line and hung up.

"It was your friend, Nicky. He wants to know when you're going to return the Ferrari."

Oh my god. All the evidence pointed at me. I would have to go to jail. I was dumbfounded. I couldn't speak, couldn't move.

"Enrique Marie Presley, I'm placing you under arrest. You have the right to remain silent..."

NEXT ISSUE: CELEBUTANTE... BEHIND BARS

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This issue is dedicated to Chastity Bono.